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LOUIS H. STEPHENS,

Publisher for the Proprietors.

HENRY BONSALL,

CONVEYANCER,

No. 416 Walnut-street,

PHILADELPHIA.

VANITY FAIR.

The interest of FRANK J. THOMPSON in this paper ceases from this date.

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BAD FOR MILLIGAN.

1*st "Case."*—Talk of English sports and fair play, indeed!—they must come to us for *that*, my bo-oy!

2*d "Case."*—That's so! or my name ai'nt Milligan.

[Here the sentiment of the situation is slightly marred by the bar-keeper, who calls Mr. Milligan's attention to the haft of his Bowie knife, which happens to be rather conspicuous.]

ALL WORK AND NO PLAY.

We find, in the *Salem Register*, the following cheerful statement:

"One of the girls belonging to the Sabbath School in Northbridge has committed and recited to her teacher, during the last twelve months, fifteen thousand and four hundred and thirty-five verses, including the whole of the Gospels, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, the balance in the Old Testament, and she worked every day with her father making shoes."

The *Register*, it would appear, seems to think this rather creditable than otherwise. A good many sanctified people doubtless will take the same view. The Northbridge girl will be talked of admiringly at pious tea-tables, and her wonderful biblical capacity discussed over muffins. Without intending the slightest disrespect to aught that is held sacred in christendom, we cannot help thinking that the girl who made shoes all day, might have better employed her leisure hours, and her holidays, than in learning by rote, fifteen thousand verses of the Bible. Shoe-making is not the most healthful or active of employments. It has even been asserted by acute medical writers (prejudiced, no doubt, in favor of health) that shoemakers are morbid, morose and irritable, and that such results are attributable to the sedentary occupation in which they are engaged. When to this enervating labor we add the singularly unprofitable task of committing to memory fifteen thousand verses of no matter what book, we arrive at a pretty good estimate of the Northbridge girl's state of health. We would wager the belt which Heenan won, against a cotton handkerchief, that this poor shoe-making prodigy is either consumptive or a fool. Perhaps both. It is more than probable that out of her fifteen thousand verses she does not truly understand one, and that the sublime humanitarianism of the New Testament is as completely shrouded from her as if it was written in the original Greek. Let us suggest to the pious tea-tables, and the canting conventicles that encourage such absurdities, and sacrifice health and brain to their God as if he was Moloch instead of a Saviour, that there is a book which poor shoe-making girls may study with profit to body and mind, and that there are high and mighty truths spoken in the whispering leaves of the forest, and written in the streaked petals of the meadow blossoms. The most sacred person that we know of was not fond of drawing His illustrations from books, but found in field and river inexhaustible resources. We confess that we should like mightily to shake all the Northbridge girl's parrot-like accomplishments out of her, and give her a good run over the Berkshire hills, every day, until she became a healthy, and consequently truly religious maiden.

Cross Purposes.

Among the results of the Crimean war is a decoration of merit, known as the "Order of Valor" or "Victoria Cross." We learn from private sources that this honor is about to be conferred upon Mr. Thomas Sayers by his admiring sovereign, as an overlay to the golden ointment with which his bruises have been so lavishly dulcified. Let us throw out a suggestion with regard to a similar distinction for the illustrious B. B., on his return to his expectant wharf. A bevy of his beatified country-women should be commissioned to meet him, for the purpose of concentrating upon him, with their beaming eyes, a diaphanous halo of admiration, sweeter far than any tangible combination of ribbon and brass. This would be a graceful and fitting termination to the discussions arising out of the great international duel—"America Smiling" on one side of the Atlantic, on the other, "Victoria Cross."

Unfortunate.

Does it not seem a pity that a clever performer like Mr. Ward, of Nixon's circus, cannot earn a livelihood without having to Swing For It?

A True Word in Jest.

From the advices of the past few months, we judge that all political movements in Mexico are decidedly Revolting.

THE DREAM OF SIMME BOOJSEN NO-CAMI.

THE first Embassador slept, and dreamed.

He was moving out of darkness into great light, into an atmosphere clouded with light, dazzling with light. He was moving from the lovely freshness of the Spring night into a flood of heat that rose and beat at his heart, and rose and choked his throat, and rose, and dried and stiffened his eyes, and rose and bound his brows with fire. He was moving out of the strange street of a strange and unfinished city, into the mansion of one of its great and representative men.

He moved through a crowd of the most eminent, most prosperous, most educated, most brilliant, most powerful, most pleasant people. They had come to do him honor, and to be happy together. They were so many that they pressed closely together; one could not move an inch and another not feel the movement; the threads of pure air that curled in through the opened door, were knotted and rotted almost immediately; faces were laid against face, and breaths mingled; the fine garments of the tasteful and graceful women, and those of the elegant men, chafed and tore each other; the mass palpitated, glowed, with the light that clouded and the heat that choked; the eye could rest nowhere, for the sight was caught and carried and tossed by objects which never knew rest.

And as Simme Boojsen no-Cami moved into the glowing and palpitating mass, a violent noise, the roar of a sea without a heart of treasures, ceased quite, and waves of flesh and silk and flowers receded and crushed back waves of broadcloth and buttons and whiskers, leaving a narrow path in which he might walk. As he walked, forms arrayed in more hues than the lily has, or the rainbow to its back—forms of fine ladies, their shoulders surging from and against trembling shores of lace, the spheral splendor of their bosoms sickening in the glare of the light that clouded, their features moist and red with the heat that choked—bent forward, with the tightly-bound forms of men all captives to the same king, all clad with precisely the same garments.

And as he moved more to the fiery heart of this mass, the storm that had lulled at his approach burst forth again, now with a shrill and querulous fury, beating upon him and pursuing him; and the lightnings of an eye surcharged with the electric fluid of curiosity flashed upon and all over his person, so that he must needs hang low his head.

So moving, Simme Boojsen no-Cami, First Embassador, reached at length an apartment where the crowd of great people was thickest, and the heat and the light most choking and clouding, and the roar of the empty sea most mighty. He was moved by the influence that was guiding him to a seat, far below the level of the sea, which now foamed and roared about him like a beast hungry for prey. And there honors flowed in upon him, and descended upon him.

Distinguished gentlemen did Simme reverence, standing over him and eyeing every one of his points, and exchanging humorous and clever comments upon them all; extending their hands with the utmost cordiality compatible with their relative position, and smiling smiles with whose gracious and benign sunniness any infant or pet domestic animal would be rejoiced; calling each other's attention to the peculiarities of his person and garb.

Ladies of beauty, idols of fashion, rustled their satin and waved their bouquets and odorous handkerchiefs at him. Those who were bold and resolute, having tamed husbands or put their pearly fingers into the lion's den at the menagerie, or been run away with (by a horse) once in their lives, advanced close, and nodded their heads, and whispered appreciative things; less daring creatures came shrinkingly forward, trembling in the prettiest manner lest they should fail to appease the wrath of the monster, and fall victims to his ravening appetite. And when they found that they were safe, gathering great courage they *touched* the object, and withdrew hastily to relate their thrilling adventures.

The fire of the choking heat now burned terrible across the brow of Simme Boojsen no-Cami. His skin wept with anguish. His eyes were obscured; the roar of the sea came as from a distance; he failed, was like to faint.

And a window at his back was opened full upon him.

Now Simme followed the sounds of music, sharper and faster than that of the Samsic; and he stood and watched the dancers. Woman and man, locked together, within heart-beat, their heads laid on the shoulders of each other or side by side, whirled about in a space so small that they were constantly in collision with other revolving bodies. But on the faces of these sat a stern and inflexible gravity. No smile ever stole forth from that cruel maelstrom. It was a solemn and a sacrificial rite.

o o o There was a mighty movement of the mass. Simme was borne by a desperate current. He was swept through rooms and halls, past puffs of coolness that he could not stop to catch, and washed high and dry upon a table laden with a fresh supply of the light that clouded, and with confused and fighting dishes.

The roar of the sea was louder and hungrier than ever.

And Simme Boojsen no-Cami awoke.

And was not by any means in Japan.

"Art is Long—Life Short."

There seems to be no limit to the onward procession of the useful arts in this country. A man at Toledo—a western town of that name—has just invented and deposited in the Patent Office, a bowie knife composed of five blades. The advantage of this weapon is that, by merely pressing a spring at the moment of inserting the thrust blade, the other four are brought into instantaneous action, dividing accurately into four quarters the person whose removal has become a matter of policy. It is understood that a large order for these instruments has been given by the Japanese Ambassadors—one of whom was so fascinated with the idea that he was with difficulty restrained from committing his "first" suicide with the specimen one shown at the Patent Office. Thus, if the illustrious foreigners referred to are entailing a heavy tax upon the treasury by their visit, there is consolation to be drawn from the possibility of their leaving their "quarters" among us.

Men, not Measures.

On the occasion of the serenade given to the Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, by the Republican Association of Washington, on Saturday last, Senator Trumbull, in the course of his eulogistic remarks upon Abram Lincoln, the Republican nominee for President, said:

"He is a giant in stature, six feet three inches high, and every inch a man."

Now there can be no earthly use in running a man for the Presidency on the principle of his being six feet three inches high. It is a delusion, a snare, an insult to the genius of the American people to talk of six feet three inches in such a connection. Another inch, however and the qualification would have exhaled a sublime essence of coincidental aroma. For whereas, arithmetically divided by inches, six feet three gives the indifferent figure of seventy-five, it will be seen that six feet four, on reduction by the same process produces in exact numerical representation the very important result of Seventy-Six.

A Thorn for the Rose.

At the late Woman's Rights Convention, an argument, decidedly *couleur de Rose*, was advanced to prove that the "oppressed sex" (this is probably an allusion to the female element of our population) had the right of taking part in elections and of serving on juries. Perhaps Mrs. Ernestine L. forgot that jurors are compelled to sit for hours, and sometimes days together *without speaking a word!*

No "Casus Belli."

It is absurd to suppose that a necessity of war between America and England could arise out of the San Juan difficulty, inasmuch as it is a question limited to the Pacific.

A DOG ROSE.

THE SMALL BULL-DOG IS BECOMING SO IMPORTANT A SOCIAL FEATURE, THAT WE SHOULD NOT BE IN THE LEAST SURPRISED TO SEE HIM WORN AT THE BUTTON-HOLE BY AND BY, AS IN THE ABOVE SKETCH.

MORE LIVES THAN A CAT.

(ABRAHAM.)

From a very early period of time, a sacred and mournful atmosphere has clung about the name of Abraham. It is no common appellation. Mothers do not profanely bestow it. Children do not cry for it. The unfortunate who are elected to bear it are not frequently observed laying round loose in the world or the streets thereof. They are distinct and stately persons, and dwell for the most part on separate and painful peaks. They have always been distinguished—these Abrahams—for numberless eccentric qualities. The first of 'em was a sacrificial person, with carniverous attributes. His memory is dear to the wandering Jews, and (for these are degenerate days) his name is apt to be dear to the clients of the aforesaid. There is always a tendency to make sacrifices (human or otherwise) in the nature of the Abraham. It is hereditary tenderness. There was a distinguished Abraham over in England at one time—about two hundred years ago. Cowley was his other name. A very original writer has said (and it was truly a very original thing to say) that he "was perhaps the most popular English poet of his times." He wrote verses. He was the author of that festive injunction,

"Fill the bowl with rosy wine!"

But he too made a sacrifice—of himself. The Abraham can never go back on his race. It is mournful to think of—but this rhythmical person actually did put his trust in princes' favor, and got a burnt offering made of himself accordingly. "Loyalty looked for its reward," say his pathetic biographer, "but the cup of joy was dashed with disappointment." So always this world goes with the Abrahams. One would think that experience might correct the delusions of a race. But it won't. An Abraham is extant even in our day and in our nation—and he also wants to make a sacrifice. Odd, isn't it, how the fatality trails along! Sad too; sad enough to agitate palpitating heart-strings and thrill the vibrant lyre. Ecce signum!

Three Abrams, in three distant ages born,
Did Israel, England, Illinois adorn.
The first in aspiration quite surpass'd,
The next in mournful luck; in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go:
To make a third she joined the other two.

And the name of this one is Lincoln. 'Thrice is he blessed who hath his quarrel just.' We have nothing to say to the contrary. But thrice is he cursed whose name is Abraham. This one also puts his trust in sovereigns. Not *gold* ones;—those are safe, while they last, thank Heaven and the United States Mint! But, in the sovereigns of the Republic, in the *oi polloi*, in the sovereign people! 'Picture it, think of it!' What a fate is his! Poor Abraham! Or—as that may not be spelt correctly—Poor Abram! Or—as that may not seem sufficiently affectionate and piteous—Poor Abe! Alas, illustrious and occidental (we had almost said accidental) patriot, we commisserate your heroic sufferings for your country's cause. We have no doubt that you understand Virtue to be its own reward. We bless you, honest and respectable person, we bless you! We sympathize with you in this hour of trial and sacrifice, and we would gush and weep on your manly bosom, if you only weren't so far off! Will you allow your manly bosom to consider itself irrigated with briny tears? We extend our sympathy. Think of us amid all those tribulations through which you sail into Salt River. Think of us when, in that solemn hour and that salacious locality, your 'big manly voice' (it is big and manly, ain't it?) shall utter its sorrowful lament:

Oh ever thus, from childhood's hour
I've seen my soundest teeth decay:
I never had a show of power
Put what it immediately ran and scurrried and vanished quite away!

We return from our little digression. There is one hopeful thought as to Abraham the Third. One thing cheers us. As against honest Abe's party, as against his politics, as against his hereditary fate and manifest destiny—one massive fact arises, with a considerable amount of healing more or less in its wings. It is Abraham's multiplicity of *lives*. More lives than a cat? Why, he has got more lives than forty cats! Ask the publishers if he hasn't. Consult the daily papers. Consider their ways and be wise. And oh you friend of Abraham's bosom, wheresoever found—or lodged and found, if you like that better—stand by your Abraham now! Bid that irreproachable Sucker to beware of all his lives and guard them all. Plethora! Plethora! Bid him cherish them, whether as Abe or Abram or Abraham, with the tenacity of a whole generation of cats; for indeed there is little left after the loosening of silver strings and the breaking of golden bowls.

'Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage.'

Is there any Vacancy?

We heard (says the Rochester *Union*) a station master on the railroad, from a short distance west, on Monday, offer to bet $1,000 that Douglas would be nominated at Baltimore, and elected President of the United States, in 1860. That's the man for our money. We warrant that station master has a diamond ring, a fast horse, the smallest black-and-tan terrier and the heaviest gold watch of any man in those parts. All this we will bet on, and yet by a system of economy, only known to railroad conductors, station and ferry masters, he can do it on $500 per annum. When we think of our own city officials, we are disgusted. These men are children in economical arrangement beside many of their country prototypes. Would it not be a good idea for that station master on the New York Central, to open an office in this city, to teach the secret of always having a thousand dollars to bet, out of a salary of $500?

A Good Example.

In the 1st Precinct, on Friday evening last, when the news of the nomination of Lincoln was received, a policeman, name not given, though if we could obtain it, the letters should be printed in six-line Pica—stepped up to the sergeant on duty, and tendered his shield in disgust at the nomination, offering to resign on the spot. Now, this is a man after our own heart. We defy ancient or modern history to show its equal, and fully illustrates the fact "that it is an ill wind that blows nobody good." If this end can be reached by Presidential nominations, then we can see their merit. The more Presidential candidates, the less policemen; the first we believe to be harmless, and have no objection to their existing in any quantity.

"About the Scythes".

The *Tribune*, in an article entitled "The City Haying," animadverts severely upon the quality of the grass that is allowed to grow in the City Hall Park, and also pities the mowers (More's the Pity!) For our own part we can see no special call for condolence in the case of these festive husbandmen. The blades of their scythes could not be so dull as the "Blades" of the *Tribune*—Hay?

Why Dowling, the Referee can not be a Blonde.

Because he is by no means a Fair Man.

THE FITNESS OF THINGS.

To descend for once to the low level of market slang, we are happy to have it in our power to announce a more cheerful feeling in bonnets. Unless the morning papers are utterly mendacious, the poke bonnet is fast "caving in" before the assaults of the poker, by which so much well deserved ridicule has been poked at it. It is about to be superseded, the journals inform us, by a celestial creation, the details of which are as yet alluded to with reserve. The sentiment of that divine conception will probably turn out to be Japanese. Meantime, should any evidence with regard to the decadence of the hideous headgear in question be looked for by the public, severe collateral testimony may be deduced from the accompanying faithful sketch of a sign displayed upon a tree within rather less than one hundred miles of the remote tract

of land known as Tompkins Square—a device composed of a bonnet *à la mode*, containing a sample of coal. Bloggs, it appears, is a dealer in coals—his wife an *artiste* in bonnets. Possibly Mrs. Bloggs may be great upon bonnets—but, clearly, Bloggs is not to be beaten upon coal-scuttles.

A Touch of Camanche.

In the original Camanche, the word "Yan-cee," signifies "an idiot." Strangely enough, for we can see no actual connection between the two things, this fact obtruded upon our notice a few days since, on reading a letter written to a Mr. James L. Slaughter, (significant name) by the original Yancey, otherwise Senator Yancey, in which he makes use of this language:

"No national party can save us; no sectional party can ever do it. But if we could do as our fathers did—organize 'committees of safety' all over the cotton states (and it is only in them that we can hope for any effective movement) we shall fire the southern heart, instruct the southern mind, give courage to each other, and at the PROPER MOMENT, *by one organized concerted action, we can precipitate the cotton States into a revolution.*"

There was a time when such balderdash would have been called treason, and its utterer would have been elevated above his fellow citizens, with something in the way of a platform under him, quite as unsubstantial as that of Cincinnati. Now, we can only follow the example of Charles Lamb who toasted the good King Herod, and bless the memory of any hanging power.

Joke without Precedent.

Those who object to having an obscure Presidential Candidate before the people, must regret the step taken by the Chicago Convention in the nomination of Lincoln. Mr. Seward would have been a much better choice, on this account, since he is not only a man of antecedents but a man of Consequents also.

A Favored Individual.

The Virginian, since his functions are all Dual.

FACILIS DECENSUS AVENUE.

"We see that one of our fashionable tailors has broken ground in Fifth Avenue, and converted one of the fine mansions there, into a magazine of garments. . . . . In a short time we may expect to see most of the magnificent private residences in this avenue converted into retail stores and shops."—*Herald.*

I.

According to popular talk
The Palatial street of NEW-YORK
Is falling from grace
At a terrible pace!
I hear, when I promenade there,
Strange voices of grief in the air,
And I fancy I see
The sad sisters three,
With their black trailing dresses,
And dishevelled tresses,
Go solemn and slow
To and fro
In their woe,
Sighing,
And crying
"Eheu! Eheu! Eheu!
There's a Tailor in FIFTH-AVENUE!"

II.

O, sorry and sad was the day
When this Tailor came up from Broadway,
With his stitches,
And breeches,
His shears and his goose—
His fashions profuse—
To the house that has been
In years I have seen,
Most aristocratic
From basement to attic!
But gone are the flush and the fair,
And those voices still float in the air
Sighing,
And crying
"Eheu! Eheu! Eheu!
There's a Tailor in FIFTH-AVENUE!"

III.

Where sweet CRINOLINA once slept,
The sempstresses, maybe, are kept;
And perhaps in her dressing-room, where
Her maid combed that glistening hair
Some cross-legged fellow,
Round-shouldered and yellow,
May sit with his needle and thread;
For the glory that reigned there, has fled!
How oft to that door she ascended—
When the ball or the party was ended—
Flushed, beautiful, bright,
A Queen of delight,
An angel quite worthy of heaven—
To that door, now, a tailor's-cart 's driven!
No wonder that voice cries "Eheu!"
There's a Tailor in FIFTH AVENUE!

IV.

Then where shall the flush and the fair
Find refuge? Ah, Echo says, "Where?"
There are dentists in Madison Square,
The boarding-house, too, appears there,
And I've heard,
In a word,
That some kind of factory, or mill
Was soon to disturb MURRAY HILL!
Now if fashion must be
(And it seems so to me)
Crowded upward each year,
I very much fear
They'll be shoved—and the thought makes me shiver—
Off the Island and into the river!
Sighing,
And crying,
"Eheu! Eheu! Eheu!
There's a Tailor in FIFTH AVENUE!"

The Main Plank in all Platforms.

Plank Down!

WHAT MORE COULD THEY WANT?

THE *Express* is sadly exercised in the circumstance that a druggist named Wanier, keeping his shop on the corner of Stanton and Lewis streets, gave to a lady red precipitate, a deadly poison, instead of a seidlitz powder, which she had asked for; and that when he was shown the poison, he only said "vel den she can hef annuder." We cannot see anything to find fault with in this. The druggist certainly behaved with great liberality, and showed that had the lady been killed by the powder, he would, if pressed, have paid her funeral expenses. He is a noble fellow. Generous to a fault. He should be rewarded, and we recommend him to the authorities for that end.

THE LATEST CARPENTER JOB.

Should another D'Israeli arise, we fancy that New York could furnish more remarkable specimens for a new edition of the "Curiosities of Literature" than any other portion of the world. One of these strange instances found birth on Wednesday last, in the shape of Mr. Inspector Carpenter's Quarterly Police Report. In this remarkable missive, we have statistical information of an extraordinary nature. We are positively informed as to the amount of stealing going on around town, exclusive of what is done at the City Hall. We are then informed of the amount recovered from thievery, (couldn't Carpenter include the City Hall in his next report?) We are told the number of policemen in the Department, and the exact number of arrests, which is reduced to the absolute certainty that each policeman makes one arrest in three days—rather an easy thing we take it, and a duty that might be condensed within half an hour, and allow the official to go wherever he would for the balance of the time—anywhere, so that he could not be seen. A large portion of these arrests, says Carpenter, were for intoxication and "lounging around." At the moment of reading the announcement, we felt sure that it was simply a case of dog eat dog, but upon an appeal to the list of "occupations," we find but *three* "policemen" on it. We are certain that this does not proceed from the moral force of the force, when the same list informs us that twenty-four artists and twenty-two lawyers have suffered restraint in their personal liberty during this period. Can it be that these are the professions that "lounge about," and by so doing are made familiar with a policeman's grasp? Then again we are informed that during this period only one alderman has been a backslider. That we *will not* believe. The error has undoubtedly arisen from the fact that aldermen can discharge themselves. Then there have been two gentlemen, (!) then, one minister, (of what denomination, Oh Carpenter?) and two editors! We especially desire to know who was one of these last. The other we can guess in a moment, but nothing on earth shall ever induce us to declare his name. Consideration for the paper—the *T-r-b-ne*—of which he is the head, shall keep us silent. We must be charitable to the short-comings of the fraternity as much as possible, and it may be, that after all, it was not brandy and water, but only the excitement of the Chicago nominations that caused the *lapsus*. A famous report is this bit of Carpenter-work, lacking only one essential, which is, that we are not told what becomes of those 14,170 arrested people? Will Mr. Carpenter include that information also in his next report?

The Bard of Avon on the Present Excitement.

Japanese the Only Ware.

Shine's Defence.

A curious question came up before the Board of Education on the 16th inst., concerning the removal of nine lady teachers of Protestant proclivities from the Fourth Ward Schools, one of the beheaded being a widow lady, for thirteen years a teacher in that locality. Mr. Farr had the audacity to demand an explanation, whereupon Mr. Shine of the Fourth, arose, and indignantly, though somewhat obscurely, defended the action of his fellow officers.

(Mr. Shine) If the gentleman will visit the Schools he will discover the reason why.

The laconic Luminary undoubtedly referred to the fact that the graceless nine had been in the habit of reading from an improper book (the Bible we believe) to the innocent babes confided to their care.

(Mr. S.) This is not the time nor the place to explain more fully.

The cautious Luminary winked fearfully over his back at the Express Reporter, writing by the light of a very dark lantern.

(Mr. S.) And might or might not prevent the dismissed Teachers from obtaining other employment.

The prophetic Luminary foresaw that it might be no hindrance at all.

(Mr. S.) And from the Resolution headed "Resolution for bettering the condition of the Fourth Ward" the gentleman might infer the reason.

Who couldn't! Nine Catholics warranted sound on the goose being appointed to fill the nine vacancies.

Overcome by the brilliant effort of the eloquent Shine, the Board adjourned.

Odd.

Managers do and say a great many odd things, especially operatic managers. Sometimes they announce, with a great flourish, a new opera, or a new singer; and oddly enough, the new opera or the new singer never is heard of again. Thus, perhaps, a portentous "manifesto," full of good news and bad grammar, points at a very satisfactory change in former arrangements. Oddly enough, the change is all in your eye, and the suffering public gets the "same old thing" *ad nauseam*.

The latest oddity is contained in the following extract from the enterprising Maretzek's late advertisement:

"Tickets to *all parts of the House*	$0 50.
Orchestra stalls	1 00."

From this we learn—and very new it is to us—that that particular locality of the Winter Garden in which the "stalls" aforementioned are found, is really no part of the house. So that a man who should "take a stall," and, under the influence of the example set by those wretches "Barbarino" and "Malvolius," should commit any assault on his neighbor, could triumphantly prove an *alibi*, and get clear; for of course he wouldn't be in the house at all, on the testimony of the manager himself. What next?

Not a sure thing yet.

We were informed by the morning papers, on Tuesday, that Gerritt Smith had emerged from his late insane state of mind. In a letter which G. S. writes to the editor of the New-York *Principia*, however, he states that the New York *Herald* had, during his insanity, been intent upon compassing his death, and adds, in a sentence which reminds us of Stephen H. Branch, in his wildest moments:

No hart ever panted after the water brooks more than did that newspaper after my blood,

Isn't there some mistake about Gerritt's recovery?

Deportment.

A French paper, in dilating ethnologically upon the subject of the *race Japonaise*, traces it to the *race Malaise*. Our opinion is that the *mal aise* is rather an attribute of the Member of Congress, who, it is to be hoped, will derive a little of the *Japan aise* from his contact with the polished foreigner now sojourning at Washington.

Changing About.

We all know the old british boast: Britannia rules the wave; but taking into consideration the refusal of the referees to award the Belt to Heenan it must in future read, at least in connection with the P. R., Britannia Waives the Rule.

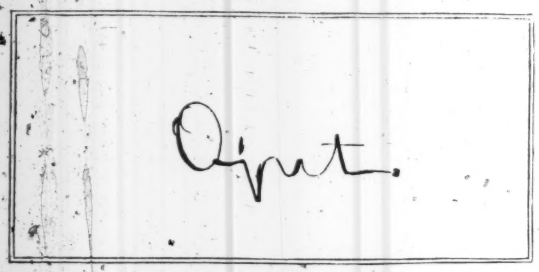
Remark of Mr. Leland on the Arrival of the Japanese at the Metropolitan.

Shall I not take my Japan-ease in mine inn?

A JAPANESE CURIOSITY.

EDITORS VANITY FAIR:—Gentlemen: permit me to offer you a great curiosity, with the hope that you will find it worthy of a place in the entertaining columns of your valuable journal.

While visiting Washington, recently, I had the good fortune to form the acquaintance of one of the artists of the Japanese Embassy, an intelligent person in silk petticoats, named OJUT. In the course of our intimacy, I showed him a photographic visiting-card, with a likeness of myself upon it. He seemed much pleased, but remarked, "Japanner sabby feree besser makee," which, the interpreter informed me, meant in English, "We do those things much better in Japan." He then presented me with one of his own cards, which bore his name and likeness in a single figure. I enclose it to you, with a view to its reproduction, if you desire, by the manly art of wood-engraving.



By turning this card endways, so that the "t" is held downward, a very perfect likeness of the artist is presented; while in the ordinary position, as given, his name alone is discernible.

With many good wishes, gentlemen, I remain yours very truly.

CALEB CURIO.

Dangerous Reform.

The recent change in ladies' costume is liable to result disastrously for those who wish to keep within the Pale of fashion. What can be kept in a Pail without Hoops?

$1.000 Reward!

We find the following report among the Police-items of a daily paper:

The Board met at their usual hour yesterday afternoon, and after dismissing officer Sullivan, of the Fourth precinct, from the force, for drinking at a bar in full uniform, adjourned to one o'clock to-day.

In consideration of this sudden attack of virtuous indignation toward bibulous officers, on the part of the Commissioners, VANITY FAIR politely demands the dismissal of the entire force, upon the same charge as that for which the unhappy SULLIVAN suffered.

To this end, a reward of One Thousand Dollars will be paid to any bar-keeper who can swear that he has not served an average of one-hundred glasses of liquor monthly, to policemen "in full uniform."

Half the same amount will also be paid to any man-about-town who can prove that, out of every ten treats offered by him to policemen "in full uniform," more than two have ever been declined. Apply at this office.

You can't come it!

The only things that England has ever been able to import from Japan, have been the little clay gods, proving that in the endeavor to establish a commerce with that country, all her efforts have been Idol.

Literary Intelligence.

It is reported, in reading circles, that the Hon. EDWARD EVERETT will not continue his "Mount Vernon Papers," but that about the time of the Presidential election, in November next, he will get out a new series, entitled "Walking Papers."

What the Dramatic Artist is Expected to do.

Draw Good Houses.

Genuine Cool-ies.

Exquimaux.

The Easiest Thing for a Negro to do.

Keep Dark.

LEFT OUT IN THE COLD.

NOTES PER C. A. A. R. R.

P——. VILLAGE ABOUT 95 MILES FROM N. Y.
MAY 17. 1860.

Editors Vanity Fair :—

OR months I have been itching (my paternal great uncle was a Cameron) to do something for VANITY FAIR. But I could not find anything to do. In fact, the peculiarity of our village is that everything in it is either overdone or undone. However, I think I have found a deed to chronicle. I do indeed. There was a dinner here yesterday. Of course there are dinners every day. But this was a DINNER! And such a Dinner! Imagine a feast of Ghouls; skip to an orgie of Vampires; wander thence ("in the mind's eye") to a banquet of authropophagi, and culminate in a festal repast of undertakers! Then, and only then, will you be equal to the task of assisting at the Dinner I am about to speak of! For it was a DINNER OF DOCTORS. One—ay!—One hundred Doctors (shades of—but no matter; "language fails to" &c.) One hundred Lancetteers, Bistourians, Scalpellans, Recruiters for the "Plutonian Shore," sat down to revel together. The hall was appropriately decorated with the glittering insignia of their order. Skulls were pleasantly interspersed at intervals, with gay festoons of lint and bright wreaths of chloroform floated as it were above their heads. The table was splendidly set with large bottles filled, containing brilliant many-colored liquids (such as are seen in druggists' windows,) and bouquets of the fragrant poppy, and the odorous assafœtida were plentifully distributed along its length. At exactly seven o'clock the Doctors took their seats. Each was scrupulously attired in a white apron, and blue check overalls. The attendants were carefully selected from the alms-house wards, and with their appropriate uniform and neatly shaved heads, made quite a creditable display.

The first course consisted of *Potage à la calomel.* Fish: stewed Rock, *antimonial wine sauce.* 2d course. Boiled Turkey, *farci à la blue mass;* Boiled Mutton, *rhubarb caper sauce.* Vegetables, *entremets,* &c.; Boneset, snakeroot, henbane, *patès de goose-grease, filet de bœuf aux senna-and-manna.* 3d course. Roast pig, *stuffed with dyspeptic pills.* A—but I cannot really detail the innumerable dishes. Take the foregoing as a specimen, and fill up *quant. suff. ad lib.* There was a delicious salad of *liverwort,* dressed with *cod liver* oil, and at dessert an *omelette au Godfrey's cordial.* There were also bitter almonds, *nux vomica,* and other delicacies, which helped to excite the thirst for the generous wines. These wines were various, and of the choicest flavors. There was wine *of colchicum,* wine *of antimony,* wine *of colycinth,* &c. &c. Every guest dissected his food with a silver-handled *scalpel;* a splendidly chased *trephine* stirred the salad, and an elegant pair of Liston's *forceps* lay by the side of every dish. The President carved with an antique *bistoury,* and had a silver *tourniquet* to rap 'to order' with. The hilarity was immense. The toasts numerous and full of wit. I have only space for two or three, by which you may judge of the whole. The President gave the first. "The President of the U. S. He has proved himself a skilful bleeder." The Vice P. gave: "Our noble Science. In the midst of death it is in life!" Music: "*Dies iræ*" A distinguished stranger (from Hoboken) gave: "The mothers of America! the ministering angels of our profession: without them, we should have no children to bring up in the way they should go—*i.e.* to the apothecary shop." Drunk amid cheers and laughter. I would willingly have added more that passed of interest, but the odors from the wreaths, and bouquets, combined with several bumpers of antimonial wine, operated so singularly upon me that my memory became confused, and my—my—in short, I was forced to leave, just as the music, in response to an eloquent speech of a doctor (from Edinburgh) struck up "Scots wha' ha wi Wallace bled."

Yours feebly

FLAXSEED T.

N.B. 66 deaths over the average this week; mostly added yesterday and this morning.

We, Us, and Company.

In a letter to the *London Times,* the "noble Duke" who *were* 'not' present at the Prize Fight, signs *themselves* "Eglinton *and Winton.*" This dual necessity of name to contain the entire personality of the Duke, gives one an immense idea of him. What a *men* he *are* to be sure! This is one of the privileges of aristocracy! In our country, the only individuals who aspire to such noble plurality of cognomen, are certain gentlemen whose professions frequently constrain them to labor at the expense of the State in mansions built for the purpose. And even these vary the form somewhat, writing *alias* instead of *and.* Though they compensate for this departure from strict aristocratic etiquette by the greater number of their appellations. We prefer the '*and,*' however, to the '*alias.*' And we recommend this dual dignity for imitation to our distinguished men. For instance, to a certain eloquent orator and popular writer, we would advise the signature of *Everett and Bonner's Ledger.* To a noted M. C. *Potter and Bowieknife.* To another, *Pryor and Pistols.* To a third, *Lovejoy and Nigger.* To the "scrub-oak" Financier, we think *Law and Gridiron* would sound well. To our venerable President, we would timidly suggest, *Buchanan and Whiskey,* or *Buchanan and Caveat-Emptor.* The Hon. Stephen A. might sign, *Douglas and Squatter,* or *Douglas and Charleston-bolt.* We could go on, fitting dualities to our singular public men with equal grace, for an indefinite length of MSS. But we leave the rest to the "imagination of the readers," merely proving our good faith, by subscribing ourself,

Respectfully,

'GAMMON AND SPINNAGE.'

An English "Lady."

A recent article in the *London Times,* commenting upon a disgraceful outrage committed in the Grand Mosque, at Cairo by a party of British tourists—after attributing their blackguardism to the fact of their being *all* "under the influence of the jolly God," (*plainly drunk*) adds that "*one* of the *most conspicuous* in this scandalous proceeding was an English 'LADY!'" Lady! quotha! And we suppose this English 'LADY's' drunken rowdyism and Billingsgate violence in a religious temple, is another specimen of what Mr. Dowling, and other "generous Britons" denominate "*Fair Play!*"

If such is the stuff that *ladies* are made of in Hingland, we—we don't wonder they won't give up the belt!—we don't wonder at anything they "do, be, or suffer," in short! And we think Mr. Dallas had better bring his family home, and let us send out Adah Mencken Heenan to represent us, conjointly with her "noble spouse," at the court of St. Jeemes. We mention Mrs. Adah, merely from her connubial relation with the Champion, however, and would by no means insinuate that she would or could compete successfully with the English LADIES in the accomplishments above referred to by the *Times.*

The Mystery Cleared.

Some of the Honorable Do-littles at Washington have been sorely exercised about the rank of the Envoys from Jeddo. Let them read and be comforted. We went in a yacht to see the Ambassadors, while they were knocking about in Chesapeake bay, and we then and there discovered that they were—the whole of them—nothing more than Japanese Waiters!

Played Out.

Tom Taylor's new piece, "The Overland Route," now playing at Wallack's must fail in England. It is a very Fair Play.

Motto for the Opponents of the "Two-Shilling Candidate."
No Quarter!

THE ÆSTHETICS OF BUTTONS.

The Last Eye.

AM aware, Madam, that, properly speaking, the Door-button has no 'eye.' But then think, ah! think how many an eye there is, that has—in metaphoric (and æsthetic) parlance—traversed its button-hole! I allude to the key-hole, Madam. The button-hole of the Door-button is undoubtedly—from an æsthetic point of view—the key-hole.

The Door-button is subdivisible into an infinite number of individualities, differing from each other in delicate, æsthetic, shades of sentiment. But my space will only permit me to touch upon a very few—the most broadly prominent, offering the most distinct and striking characteristics. The first of these, you will permit me to call the Tantalus Button. This singular button changes its position according to the age, sex, and objects, of the person that regards it. To the tender child, it glistens on the pantry door, suggestive of limitless sweets. To the ardent adolescent, it beckons wierdly from the doors of the paternal "Salamander," whispering, "*omnia vendia!*" To those afoot, it gleams with basilisk eye, from the door of your charming coupé, Madam. It twinkles magnetically to Alf——d, from the portal on the thither side of which Amelia [the thing is] sighs for him, in controversion of the parental taboo. [Between you and I, however, Madam, Amelia is, in fact, laughing as "void of care" at the last No. of Vanity Fair with young Jenks, the artist, at that precise moment.] To the the young, in fine, this button glows like a will-o'-the-wisp, from every door that opens to an untasted, or a forbidden, or an in-any-way-unattainably-seductive future; while to the old, it glimmers like a night-lamp, from every portal that closes upon a vista of the irreclaimable Past. To the young it is as a spur, goading forward; to the old as a rein, drawing back.

To several distinguished public men of our mutual acquaintance, Madam, it just now corruscates from the Doors of a certain White Mansion in Washington City. Don't you wish they may 'see' it?

The next button, is the Procrustean Button. This button agitates and writhes fiercely on the bed-door, I should say—between a debtor and his (or her) creditors. The former being sometimes the victim of the button, it is true; but more frequently the latter. N. B. This Button is also often found on Editor's Sanctum doors. In this case all parties are victimized, including the button.

The third grand subdivision of the Door-button, I have, after much cogitation, surnamed the Undertaker's or Sexton's Button. Don't be alarmed, Madam. This reference to the tomb has nothing of humanity about it. On the contrary, the peculiarity of the Sexton's button is its inhumanity. It frowns from the doors of certain "Moneyed Institutions," Insurance Companies, Savings Banks, and other financial maelstroms, over whose fronts might be written, in parody of Dante's grim hell-motto: *All ye who enter here, leave hope of ever seeing your money again, behind.* The turning of this fatal button pays the funeral rite to the 'last remains' of credulous *wallets* (No, Madam! *not* the English Jester.) Pass that button, Madam, unless you can turn it in an official capacity.'

Let us look at one more special button, ere we close all our doors, and walk forth into Vanity Fair. I know of no better name for the button I am about to speak of, than the Kaleidoscope Button. This button has an immense circulation among the doors of the world, and its curiosity consists in the power it possesses of totally changing its appearance, character, use, and general attributes, according to the particular manner in which it is looked at by the person approaching it. I shall probably, Madam, make my meaning more clear, by an example. Take this button, as it shines from the door of a fashionable church—sanctuary. (I thank you, Madam! No! I am *not*, alas! (?) a member of the "Y. M's. C. A.) This button, to Jones—the business man Jones—is a button of speculation. Every time he enters past this button, it brightens trade. "A strictly honorable, moral, conscientious man, Madam! A devout attendant at the Sanctuary!" To Mrs. and Miss Jones, it is a button of ostentation, vanity, malice. "A lovely silk, Madam; I noticed it at church yesterday." "Horrid Sontags those Smiths had on at the evening service." "Did you notice the Browns' bonnets?" and so forth. You understand, Madam? To Alfred Jones, it is a button of antipathy, unless it chance to be a button of observation, or a button of assignation. Which probably depends on Miss Amelia Smith. To many, this button is a button of terror; to a much larger number, a button of habit; to some, a button of convenience; to others a button of curiosity. To a few, Madam, alas! how few! it is a button of conscience!

It is about time for me to button up this æsthetic subject. If it has seemed dull, reflect, Madam, that bright gilt buttons have gone out of fashion. If it has appeared too expansive, think how popular are the india-rubber buttons. If you have thought portions of it obscure, remember that many excellent buttons are completely covered with dark material. Have you observed a species of semi-transparency in some of my philosophical or æsthetic deductions? Do not forget, Madam, that there are buttons of pearl, and even of glass.

Finally, Madam, should you have detected, here and there, flashes of erratic and irrelevant mirth, consider the buttons of '*Horn*,' and be lenient to a poor scribbler who may (mind I only say *may!*) have applied to Bacchus, now and then, for one, to cheer him in his task.

Your very humble servant,

The Author.

THE LAST TRAVELLER.

For the long future let Arrowsmith hide his diminished head, and Munchausen dry up emphatically. There has been another traveller through the savage tribes of Massachusetts, and the wild prairies of Charleston. "One G. Ackroyd"—as the European *Times* of March 24th calls him—has had "the most strange and cruel wrongs" done him.

"In the month of August, 1851, as he was walking in the streets of Cabbottsville, in the State of Massachusetts, (having then resided in America for five years), he was seized by two men, named Wheeler and Churchill, and was by them conveyed to the custom house, placed in chains, and conveyed by rail to Charleston, where he was stripped of all his clothing, knocked down by an officer named Mayhew, who made use of some dreadful threats toward him. He was compelled to work in the slave gang in the execution of Government works, for the long period of seven years, when he was allowed to come away."

The idea of a custom house in Cabbottsville, an interior village, is good: it reminds us of an adventure of our own while in England. We were walking through the streets of Liverpool, a small town in the Strand, a southern county of England, just north of Scotland, when we were forcibly seized by a party of *gens d'armes*, who, without a moment's delay hurried us to Windsor Castle, the largest state prison in the city of London. Here we were confined in an iron cage, without anything to eat or drink, for nearly five years. After superhuman efforts, we escaped by jumping from the wall directly down the Cliffs of Dover into the channel. Can "one Ackroyd" complain of worse treatment than this? And yet we have kept these "most strange and cruel wrongs" locked in heroic secrecy until this moment!

What is his Line?

Mr. Conway, who was collector for the Heenan Testimonial, relates his experience. Mr. C. called upon Janus Gordon Bennett, who was in his private room, but the subscription book was carried in by Mr. Hudson, and returned with the answer that "the thing was not quite in his line." Mr. Conway proposes to call upon him again. We earnestly hope he will, and at the same time venture a word of caution and advice, which is simply, that he should not leave the establishment without finding out what is J. G. B.'s line. If Mr. C. should succeed in unravelling this, he will have solved a riddle that throws that of the Sphinx completely into the shade.

Philological.

The term "Greeks" being so often applied to the Irish, has been the cause of much speculation as to what relation exists between Ireland and Greece. Nothing, however, is plainer, when we consider that the former has always been known as a "Sweet Ile."

Died in the Wool.

Mutton.

THE REPUBLICAN FIZZLE.

THE Republican Faction have been and went and gone and done it. They have made their nominations, such as they are, and are going to do as best they can, however that may be. In 1854, they did a good deal better. FREMONT was just the candidate to arouse the effervescent enthusiasm of youth, and he did it. The land was overwhelmed with the well-behaved riotousness of sophomoric eloquence and the excitement born of lemon-soda. It was emphatically a children's campaign, and therefore a lively one, for whatever pleases the young is sure to be popular. The party then had an issue to contend for; the boys were all so much interested that they worked for nothing and the run made was quite a good one.

But we have changed all that. ABRAHAM is not JOHN CHARLES. He is not calculated to "amuse and instruct the youthful mind," (as the advertisements of ABBOTT'S story-books say.) On the contrary, he is a characterless candidate, supported by an aimless party. Poor bleeding Kansas has bled herself to death, the Anti-Slavery movement was the only plank left in the platform, and that, the Republicans have labored incessantly to root out. They have done their mightiest to convince the world that they do not harbor one Republican principle in their bosoms. They permitted SHERMAN, their only Republican candidate for Speaker of the House of Representatives, to be defeated, last winter. Mr. SEWARD, the architect and builder of the whole Republican Faction, has distinctly announced himself less of a Republican than anybody else, and, in a word, the entire effort of the party has been at party suicide.

This Chicago nomination is the biggest move yet made, in the same direction. LINCOLN possesses certain characteristics, which, if there is any power in newspaper fun, will go far toward defeating him.

First. He is known by the tenderly-affectionate soubriquet of "OLD UNCLE ABE"—a good title for the Chief Magistrate of the United States of North America. Further, he is a longitudinal person, with a shambling gait—a physical formation termed "slab-sided," in the Eastern States. Then he delivered a course of "lectures"—stump-speeches in disguise—not long ago, through this region of the country, and charged twenty-five cents admission thereunto. If he ever gets clear of the name of "Two-Shilling Candidate" it will be very singular. He was defeated in a political contest in 1852, by DOUGLAS—a significant fact, should the Little Giant be nominated at Baltimore. He opposed the Mexican War, thereby showing a sort of contempt for the Spirit of '76, the Bird, and other Fourth of July deities. He threatened to "go to the banks of the Ohio, and throw missiles over into Kentucky, to disturb their institutions there." He has a thin, almost nasal voice, and his grammar is not so far above suspicion as Cæsar's wife is reported to have been. These are about all the things that are known of him, good, bad, or indifferent, so far as the great voting mass goes.

Quite enough, however, of their kind.

Thus, at present, the Republican Faction seem to be in a fair way to be quietly shelved along with BELL of Tennessee, and EVERETT of the *Ledger*. The lemon-soda enthusiasm can never be aroused by Old Uncle Abe, and unless some better stake than the mere spoils can be found, the Two-Shilling Candidate will have a very slim time of it. We advise him, therefore, to keep his expectations low, his head cool, and his pulse even. Let him continue his electioneering "lectures," by all means, so that if he fails to get into the White House, he will at least have a good pocket-full of twenty-five cent pieces, next November, to console him.

Mr. Everett's Campaign Motto.

"Hang out your Bonners, &c. !" (Shaks: *Improved*)

THE DANGERS OF BROADWAY.

BY A PROMENADER.

With a slam, and a smash, and a rattling crash,
Come the sticks,
And the bricks,
Bits of glass, blind, and sash,
That the laborers rash
Tumble down all the day
From the houses now being destroyed in BROADWAY!
Strange odors and musty,
The air sharp and dusty,
With lime and with sand
That no one can stand,
Make the street quite impassible,
The people irascible,
Till every one cries,
As he trembling goes.
With the sight of his eyes
And the scent of his nose
Quite stopped—or at least, much diminished—
"Gracious! when will this city be finished!"

Mr. SMITH builds a store—maybe more—
In the year '53,
But, in '58, he
Finds that that he calls "the old(!) building," a bore—
A disgrace to the town—
So of course, it comes down,
And another, much stronger
Goes up in its place,
With a handsomer face,
To last five years more, or perhaps a year longer.
Meanwhile, Mr. BROWN
Pulls down
His building, near by,
And the dust that he makes,
Causes all sorts of aches,
For, like his "improvements," 'tis all in my eye!

But the dust's not the worst of this ruin accurst;
'Tis the danger,
Each stranger
(And citizen, too,) is always put through
In walking amid such a hullabaloo.
E'en a temperance man—
Let him do all he can—
Is likely to get (and be well off, at that,)
An all-fired heavy great brick in his hat!
Powdered with mortar,
Sprinkled with water,
Smoked, soaked,
Poked, choked,
Turned into the street,
By walks incomplete,
Till the pleasures of BROADWAY are sadly diminished,
And all say, "O, gracious! when *will* it be finished!"

A Proper Name.

The *Express* informs its readers that we have a Bourbon among us, in the person of the Prince De Joinville, who is travelling *incog*, under the name of François D'Arc. The name certainly shows great taste in selection, and the longer the Prince keeps Dark the less likely is he to be discovered.

A Chance to Supply a Deficiency.

The "Highland Girl," who exhibited in Broadway last week, is said to be the best Walking Lady in the world. We call the attention of the Management at Wallack's to this fact.

Have they Stepped Out?

We have heard a great deal about the Fair Women of England from books, poetry, "and sich," but just at present it would please us infinitely more to hear of its Fair Men.

Æronautic.

Though not managerially announced, we learn from good authority that Miss Ella Zoyara will Go Up 'into' a Balloon every evening this week.

The Fashion for this Season.

The Spring Skirt.

PROFESSOR.—This, ladies and gentlemen, is the Gorilla, or man-monkey, the greatest living curiosity in the known world. He was captured by a party of travellers on the banks of the Senegambia while—*(stick accompaniment.)*

GORILLA *(indignantly.)*—Jem Briggs, if you punch me again with that stick, I'll come out there and lam yer out of yer boots!

GRAND CATASTROPHE EXHIBITION.

The Proprietors of the New York and Hoboken Ferry would respectfully inform the citizens of New York and its antipodes, New Jersey, that, in order to gratify the well-known public taste for thrilling events, startling accidents and horrible catastrophes, they have completed every necessary arrangement for producing, on a scale of unequalled grandeur, the Most Appalling and Abominable

CATASTROPHE ENTERTAINMENT

ever witnessed in this country.

Being possessed of unsurpassed facilities for getting up a Mammoth Performance of this description, they feel confident that the following splendid Programme will be carried out to the very letter.

ORDER OF ENTERTAINMENT.

Those Magnificent and Almost Entirely Decayed Steamers the Newark, Captain Red Mouth, and the Phœnix, Captain Damnedifhe Kares, will be running as usual some fine day next summer, loaded with Human Beings, Cattle and Women, and, when in the middle of our Noble Hudson, will either

BEAUTIFUL CATCH
COLLIDE WITH A SLOOP AND SINK, ON THE SPOT,
FIRE AND BURN TO THE WATER'S EDGE
or else handsomely
BURST THEIR BOILERS AND BLOW THEMSELVES TO THE VERY HIGHEST UP.

Artists of Illustrated Papers, who are always on exact Spots, and other parties desiring to enjoy the Harrowing Spectacle of Fellow-Creatures Fearfully Mangled, Scalded, Burned and Drowned, together with numerous horses, oxen, cows, sheep, dogs and small boys, would do well to be on the look-out for this event.

As the Boats carry no contrivances for saving life, of course all on board will

POSITIVELY PERISH,

except the Pilots and Engineers, who will providentially escape.

In order that the community may not be at all debarred from taking part in this Well-Planned Wholesale Murder, the Ferry Owners have fixed the

PRICE OF TICKETS AT THREE CENTS

for the whole excursion, *There* (and Back, if possible.)

N. B.—A Coroner's Jury will investigate the matter after the performance, as usual, and will quickly bring in a Verdict of

NO ONE TO BLAME;

So that nothing is to hinder the Company from fulfilling its present promises to its Patrons and the Public generally.

N. Y. MAY, 18th, 1860.

The Coming Regatta.

The great Regatta of the New York Yacht Club comes off in New York Harbor on the 7th of June. By our special reporter we are informed that most thorough arrangements have been made to have it a dashing affair, should the wind blow. As usual, perfect accommodations have been made for the press, the elegant smack Sarah Ann, Captain Josh Brown, having been engaged especially for the reporters. This plan is pursued from the fact that there will be no necessity to put refreshments on board, the Sarah Ann furnishing a superfluity frem her cargo, she being the very first of the Little Neck liners. The Club has chartered a steamer for its friends, and the entertainment will cost $10 per head.

Which and What?

The *Express*, speaking on Saturday last of the shad fisheries, makes this extraordinary assertion:—

"Over 1500 men are employed in the business between Hartford and Saybrook. Five thousand were captured on Monday last, and were despatched to the various fish dealers in New York and towns in Connecticut."

If this be true, we most earnestly protest against any such outrage! Five thousand men captured and dispatched to the fish dealers! Why the thing is worse than the reopening of the slave trade.

Official Sketching that would astonish the Japanese.

Free hand Drawing from the Public Treasury.

Not among the Post Office "Returns."

The return of Fowler.

Stunning Pattern of a Senator.

How that stupid fellow, Iverson, of Georgia, got into the Senate of the United States, is one of the mysteries whose pride it is to baffle the reflective mind. Think of a Senator of the XXXVIth Congress getting up in his place and objecting to the appropriation for the scientific observations of the total eclipse of the sun, on the 18th of July next, on the plea that the measure is an "offshoot of old whiggery!" He said, also, that he couldn't see how the observation "would enable ships to get into port any faster!" Oh, couldn't he? Well-informed man is Iverson, of Georgia! "Uncommon" nice pattern of a Senator he is! How disgusting he must have been to observe that the measure prevailed by a "large majority!"

Where was Iverson brought up?

The Coming Man.

At a meeting of the Board of Supervisors, last week, Mr. Supervisor Conner, offered a resolution that it be referred to the appropriate Committee, to inquire into the necessity of appointing a suitable person to take care of the new City Hall, (the brown stone building in the Park) and to prevent the waste of public property. Adopted.

This is the very man for whom we have been looking so long, Mr. Conner; may we entreat that when this "suitable person" is found, that his jurisdiction may be extended even into the *old* City Hall, with unlimited power.

PURIFY THE BLOOD.

MOFFAT'S VEGETABLE PIFE PILLS.

AND

PHŒNIX BITTERS.

The high and envied celebrity which these pre-eminent Medicines have acquired for their invariable efficacy in all the diseases which they profess to cure, has rendered the usual practice of puffing not only unnecessary, but unworthy of them. They are known by their fruits; their good works testify for them, and they thrive not by the faith of the credulous.

IN ALL CASES OF

ASTHMA, ACUTE and CHRONIC RHEUMATISM,

AFFECTIONS of the BLADDER and KIDNEYS,

BILIOUS FEVERS and LIVER COMPLAINTS.

In the South and West, where these diseases prevail, they will be found invaluable. Planters, farmers and others, who once use these Medicines, will never afterwards be without them.

COSTIVENESS, COLDS & COUGHS, CHOLIC.

DYSPEPSIA.—No person with this distressing disease should delay using these medicines immediately

Eruptions of the Skin, Erysipelas, Flatulency.

FEVER AND AGUE.—For this scourge of the western country these medicines will be found a safe, speedy and certain remedy. Other medicines leave the system subject to a return of the disease—a cure by these medicines is permanent. Try them, be satisfied, and be cured.

Foulness of Complexion,

General Debility,

Gout, Giddiness, Gravel, Headache of every kind, Inward Fever, Inflammatory Rheumatism, Impure Blood, Jaundice, Loss of Appetite.

MERCURIAL DISEASES.—Never fails to eradicate entirely all the effects of Mercury infinitely sooner than the most powerful preparation of Sarsaparilla.

PILES.—The original proprietor of these medicines was cured of Piles of 35 years standing by the use of these Life Medicines alone.

Pains in the head, side, back, limbs, joints, and organs.

RHEUMATISM.—Those afflicted with this terrible disease will be sure of relief by the Life Medicines.

Scrofula, or King's Evil, in its worst forms, Ulcers of every description.

Worms, of all kinds, are effectually expelled by these Medicines. Parents will do well to administer them whenever their existence is suspected. Relief will be certain.

THE LIFE PILLS AND PHŒNIX BITTERS
PURIFY THE BLOOD,
and thus remove all disease from the system.
WM. B. MOFFAT, Proprietor,
335 Broadway, N. Y.

TABAC EN POUDRE DENTIFRICE.

OCO OR DENTAL SNUFF.

OCO is now introduced to the American public, composed of the purest Snuff, divested of its objectionable qualities, and retaining its powers as a disinfectant and detergent. It has the endorsement of the Parisian world as the most useful and elegant toilet article in the world.

Elegantly mounted.

Superbly flavored.

As an Ornament,

And as a

Toilette pleasure,

IT HAS NO EQUAL.

NOTICE.

Encased in two forms.

No. 1—GOLDEN BANDED OCO—

Retains all its natural strength and pungency, as imported.

No. 2—SILVER BANDED OCO—

Designed expressly for the Northern market—retains all its powers as a dentifrice—though greatly reduced in its stimulating properties—harmless to the enamel of the teeth; it imparts to them that peculiar brilliancy for which the ladies of Southern Europe are so justly celebrated. It needs but a single application to convince yourself of its merits.

AS A GEM
ON YOUR TOILET STAND
YOU WILL BE
PLEASED WITH IT;

and for its excellency, you will recommend it.

For sale by CONRAD FOX, 81 Barclay-st., and all Druggists.

Depot for the States and Canadas, 335 Broadway.

VANITY FAIR,

THE NEW ILLUSTRATED

HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"The *Punch* of America."—*N. Y. Herald*, Jan. 19

"If such a work can succeed, VANITY FAIR will and ought to do so. It has a good corps of writers, whose contributions promise to be set on a hill and shine accordingly."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"VANITY FAIR is the best experiment of the kind yet made in the country. The paper has already contained many things worthy of *Punch* in his brightest days, nor is this surprising when it is known that some of the best wits and most graceful writers in the country contribute to its pages."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

"There is a good deal in a name, and this name is, to our mind, better than *Punch*. The illustrations in VANITY FAIR have been the best ever produced in a comic paper in this country. They are beautifully drawn, carefully engraved, and not so entirely spoiled in the printing as, in many illustrated papers, woodcuts are spoiled on the press. If this paper shall continue, as it has begun, to take a high moral tone, to keep its pages scrupulously free from the too common wit whose only point is its vulgarity, to attack fearlessly and conscientiously the follies of the times, there will be a fair chance of its pushing its way to success and fame."—*The Independent* (N. Y.)

"The object of VANITY FAIR is a good one, and the parties engaged in it, so far as we are informed, are admirably qualified for their work."—*N. Y. Saturday Press,*

"This new comic paper has passed the trying ordeal of success, and is most decidedly entitled to the support of all those who love pure wit, dashed off from the pen or pencil."—*N. Y. Daily News.*

"There is *vim* in VANITY FAIR. Its illustrations are equal to those which have made *Punch* a power in the metropolis of England; and in fun, piquancy of manner, terseness and humor it equals its great trans-Atlantic cotemporary."—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

"Especially creditable, both in matter and appearance."—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

"Its illustrations are superior to any that have heretofore appeared. . . . . The literary portion of the number is varied and entertaining."—*Boston Courier.*

"VANITY FAIR promises life and usefulness."—*N. Y. Leader.*

"VANITY FAIR bids fair to become one of the 'peculiar institutions' of the day."—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury.*

"That would certainly be a very mild criminal code which should prescribe nothing worse to take than VANITY FAIR. We wouldn't mind being shut up ourselves, for a time, in such companionship."—*National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

"It greatly excels any similar American publication, and is quite equal to *Charivari* or *Punch*."—*American Republic* (Macon, Ga.)

"Pungent and humorous, and shows much ability in its editorial management."—*Louisville Journal.*

"The whole affair is exceedingly clever."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

"There is no small degree of smartness in VANITY FAIR."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"VANITY FAIR is the most piquant of hebdomadals. We could wish that it might sweep out of existence every other comic periodical we have."—*Buffalo Daily Courier.*

"Far in advance of any similar publications which have heretofore appeared in this country."—*New Hampshire Gazette.*

"The original articles possess much greater merit than we usually find in journals of this class."—*Portland Transcript.*

"It bids fair to be very popular, and gives evidence of a high order of literary and artistic talent."—*Hunterdon (N. J.) Republican.*

"Though scarcely two months old, 'It stalks the earth and awes the world around.' Its Illustrations tinge even the cheeks of *Punch*. Its onslaught on vice and folly makes it a terror to knaves and fools."—Justice Whitley's *Circuit Judge.*

"We heartily welcome VANITY FAIR to our literary repast, and shall look greedily for each weekly number."—*Architects' and Mechanics' Journal.*

"Capital and full of fun."—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

"Comes nearer the object than any of its predecessors."—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

"One of the cleverest and brightest papers of the kind. . . . . The wittiest writers and artists of New-York contribute to it."—*Providence Journal.*

"This is the first really clever comic and satirical journal we have had in America—and really clever it is. It is both sharp and good-tempered, and not afraid to say that its soul is its own—which shows that it has a soul. Our readers will be glad to know where they can find native fun that has something better in it than mere *patois*."—*Atlantic Monthly.*

"This paper is excellent. . . . . Remarkable for originality."—*N. Y. Traveller.*

"VANITY FAIR is conducted by a vivacious, witty and intelligent corps of journalists."—*Litchfield* (Conn.) *Enquirer.*

"Will wield as potent an influence as that of the London *Punch*."—*Boston Traveller.*

"Whoever finds himself laughing at the wit of VANITY FAIR, and does not return a *quid pro quo*. is fit for 'treasons, stratagems, and spoils.'"—*N. Y. Crayon.*

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